HOME-BEAUTY. From The Magazine of Art.

"Mine be a cot," for the hours of play,
of the kind that is built by Miss Greenayay,
Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenayay,
Where the walls are low, and the roofs are red,
And the birds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,
Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,
And do naught in the world (but Work) by halves,
From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Riddle-me-ree"

to them before they noticed me. He had his arms round her, pressing her fondly to him, and in spite of myself I noticed with approbation that he did not guiltily start away when he saw me.

'My child.' I said to the girl as gently as I could, for, you see, she was so young. 'you must know it is not fit to behave in this manner and, Erwin, have respect enough for my presence to loose your hold of the girl.' Then they parted, but we all stood uncomfortably

Then they parted, but we all stood uncomfortably conscious that something further must happen.

'My dear, you had better go home; I cannot allow you to stay here knowing what I now know!

'Mother,' said my son, breaking silence for the first time; 'take care what you say to my future wife.'

His future wife! And were my dreams to end thus! But it was too absurd, he, a boy of eighteen, and she the maid who milked the cows! So I resumed, addressing her, 'Do you hear, my dear! you must go away, and at once.

'Oh, madam, forgive me,' said the poor girl; 'but what shall I do, and where shall I go!'

'Cannot you go home!' I said, forgetting for the moment that she was an orphan and had no home.

moment that she was an orphan and had no home.

'I have no home,' she said with tears running
down her checks: 'father and mother are both 'I have no home,' she said with tears running down her cheeks; 'father and mother are both dead, and I never had any brothers or sisters.'
'Well, my dear,' I said, still more gently than before; 'you must have a guardian then; can you not go to him?' she said. ' but-'

'Yes,' she said. 'but-'
'But what?' I repeated a little impatiently, for I wanted to make an end of the scene.
'He is afraid for Mark,' at last stammered forth the poor girl.
Oh, said I somewhat bitterly, he has a son too,

has he t'

But she looked up so imploringly and so sadly that I could not give any further vent to my bitterness, the more as I could barely keep my son from mixing in the controversy, which would certainly have only made things worse. He had held the girl by the hand all this time, and now and then whispered a word or tenderness. It was a scene too ridiculous to be touching, but too serious to be laughed at.

At last I said t Wall you must contain the said of the said to the said

At last I said: 'Well, you must go to your guar-dum' (a peasant in the neighborhood) 'for to-night, and I will come to-merrow and arrange something with him and you for the future.'

and I will come to-merrow and arrange something with him and you for the future.'

'Yes, madam,' she said, with a little curtsey and a quiver of her pretty mouth; but still my son did not loose her hand, and waiting a moment I turned away that he might at any rate have the satisfaction of being unobserved, and said, 'Erwin, you must let her go, so bid her good-by.' In less than a minute their adicus had been said, and turning again, we both I and my son, watched her ditting down the hill m the blue light of the summer twilight till she was lost to our sight.

When she had quite disappeared I turned to my son, not altogether quite clear what was best to say or do; he began first, with flaming eyes, and in a

on not altogether dinte their wink was best to say or do; he began first, with fiaming eves and in a deep voice still moved by emotion. 'Well, mother, are you now satisfied? Shall you like it better that your son's future wife should be tossed about from one place to another till I am old enough to claim her?"

But, Erwin, how can you talk ' ('such nonsense, I was on the point of saying, but a look in his face altered the phrase to 'about marrying when you are only eighteen, and you will not be of age till you are twenty-four? You and she will have time to are twenty-four? You and she will have time to change your minds twenty times in those six years, and I do not doubt you will do so; at any rate, if she were to be your future wife, as you call her, twenty times over, she must go a way now, as well for her own sake as for yours. As I said this an involuntary smile passed over my face, for I felt so sure that, as I said, time would bring the desired change of thoughts that I began to see the thing only on its ridiculous side. Perhaps my son discovered this, for instead of answering me as he had evidently intended, he quietly walked down the hill at my side, and from that moment, for years, the preity milk-maiden was never mentioned bethe pretty milk-maiden was never mentioned

I went the next morning, as I had promised, to the house of her guardian, but she had already taken her departure. He did not seem very willing to talk about her; I fancy his conscience was not allowed himself to be persuaded by the girl to give her the savings-bank book where her money, some hundred florins, was written down, and by means of which she could get the money into ber swn aundred florins, was written down, and by means of which she could get the money into her swn possession. She ban persuaded him that she could not, and would not, stay in the country and do country work, but she would go to the next considerable sown, and in some way contrive to go to school and learn to be something better than a pessant's wife. I made some inquiry about he, but after a while pretty much forgot her; only now and then, when I was watching the sunset from the little press house, I thought of the scene that I had

result of our consideration was that the Countess declared herself desirous of legally adopting Genevieve as child; and as she was quite ner own mistress, and over the fifty years of age

her own mistress, and over the mity years of age necessary for the legality of the adoption, and Genevieve gave up all pretension to any property save what should be voluntarily bestowed upon her, the other members of the Counters's family made no serions objection, and the thing was quickly settled." My son, who, to do him justice, did not much trouble humself about the business, and was quite indifferent whether his wife were to be known as the daughter of a prince or a peasant, only insisted on appeedly marringe; and as the business was quickly arranged; and as the out on their wedding tour, which was to last a mouth or two, and I betook me home again, sad and solitary, to prepare for their reception.

After the mouths of their weiding tour were ever, in the late autumn, the young pair returned; and though I knew my son would be indufferent to demonstrations, I ventured to think it would not be so with his wife. So things were ordered to give them such a reception as in the country is usual. Mortars were fired of as soon as the carriage was seen approaching; the band from the neighboring fown was called into requisition; and the farm-people, both in and out of the casile, received them with shouts of welcome, the hearter that their throats had already been wetted with our home-grown wine. The carriage entered the casile, received them with shouts of welcome, the hearter that their throats had already been wetted with our home-grown wine. The carriage entered the casile-ourt, and I followed by the housekeeper and the madis, came forward to welcome, the hearter that their throats had already been wetted with our home-grown wine. The carriage entered the casile-ourt, and I followed by the housekeeper and the older people, lest they might recognize her as an old acquantance. No cne appeared to do so, and it all passed of as well as possible. The next lew days were occupied in making vists he had been greeting an empress. May I be allowed to deliver here a message from your mother, the Countess A., without awaiting the formality of coming to your house? I met her at the Baths this year, and she begged me to tell you that you and

In Austria anyone after the age of fifty, if childless, can adopt a child, and the said child enters into all the rights of a real child, and like a real child, in Austria, cannot be wholly dishherited, but under any circumstances must have the portion of the adoptive parent's property called the "Pflicht Theil." If the parent dies intestate, the whole goes to the adopted child, who of intestate, the whole goes to the adopted child, who of course from the moment of adoption bears the family name. The title can only be acquired by the express consent of the Emperor. * In Austria anyone after the age of fifty, if childless,

witnessed there, and wondered whether my son now thought as little about it as I did.

Years passed on; my son studied well, is some things wonderfully so. He grew in strength and stature, and delighted in nothing so much as when he could make some neck-breaking excursions among the mountains.

In due time he took his degree at the University served his year as volunteer; and at last attained his majority, which with us is at the age of twenty, four, when there were the usual roletmes and the management of his property. The day after the greats were gone and the business was concluded, he came into my little morning room, and sitting down in his favorite charries tracted himself almost across the little room from side to side, and said, Well, Mi Mo,' a nickname he used to call me when a child, but long disassed and I started at his again takine it up,' aren't you glad it's all over? I am, I know, Don't you the watering place—say Banen—on our return? I was rather surprised at this proposal, for my son had always expressed a decided disike to watering place—say Banen—on our return? I was rather surprised at this proposal, for my son had always expressed a decided disike to watering place—say Banen—on our return? I was rather surprised at this proposal, for my son had always expressed a decided disike to watering place—say Banen—on our return? I was rather surprised at this proposal, for my son had always expressed a decided disike to watering place—say Banen—on our return? I was rather surprised at this proposal, for my son had always expressed a decided disike to watering place—say Banen—on our return? I was rather surprised at this proposal, for my son had always expressed a decided disike to watering place—say Banen—on our return? I was rather surprised at this proposal, for my son had always expressed a decided disike to watering place—say because the proposal for my son had always expressed a decided disike to watering was returned to the proposal for my son had always expressed a decided disike to watering

And the Land of the control of the c

led back to his stable. The 'Schaftner' had had sense enough to borrow a carriage from a neighbor and send it to the station for his master and had forbidden the manto say a word about the accident. We might expect my son in about a quarter of an hour, and how should I break this sad, sad story to min! At any rate, I thought it would be better to get the poor dead thing carried out of sight before he came, so! sent to the next cottage and got a mattress, and lifting her gently up, with the assistance of the dector and the neighbors, we laid her upon it, and she was carried into the house, till my son should decide what was to be done. I then went sell decide what was to be done. I then went sell a few yards to meet my son, who could be win approaching at a distance. I could not help being gind that it was only a farm house he was driving, and that he got on so slowly. I suffed my sobs and dried my eyes as well as I equid, but who being glad that it was only a farm horse he was driving, and that he got on so slowly. I stilled my sobs and dried my eyes as well as I could, but who could look just then unconcernedly unconscious? As the carriage drew hearer my son saw me and pulled up to take me in: he had had verations work enough in the town that day, as I heard afterward, and was busied with his own unpleasant thoughts; he bade me good evening, and I got into the carriage, but as he saw me nearer my face told him only too plainly that something had happened. What is, it, mother, said be; 'tell me at once; it will not be so bad as my news. I gness.' 'Oh, my son, my son, have yon too got bad news to tell? Tell me yours first, then.' I thought if I could get my loy home again it would be easier to tell him than here; but he would not be not on.' Where is Genevieve?' he asked; 'why are you alone?' I answered evasively, 'The children are gone to spend the afternoon at— 'res, yes, I know, the man told me, but be told me also that Genevieve had not gone with them. Has anything happened to her, that no one can answer a simple question?' He was beginning to get angry; the man mad answered him several times off the point out of fear lest he should say what he had been forbitden to. By this time we had reached the little bridge, and looking down the stream he saw traces of the accident. He nulled up abort and said to the man: 'What is that there? It looks exactly like the intile carriage all broken to pieces.' The man looked at me to know what to say; my son caught the look and said: 'Mother, what is it? Don't make secrets with me to-day, I can't bear it.' I motioned to the man, who had got out, to hold the horse, and beek-oning my son to follow me, said as soon as I could command my roice: 'There has been a dreadfin accident; that is the carriage lying there, and your dear wife, poor Genevieve, was in it; she was driving the young thorse down to meet you; the others were out with the children—'But,' my son in-

command my voice: There has been a dreadful accident; that is the carriage lying there, and your dear wife, poor Genevieve, was in it; she was driving the young horse down to meet you; the others were out with the children— But, my son interrupted sternly. I had expressly forbidden that that horse abould be put into the carriage. Yes, my dear son, but Genevieve would have it so as I hear, and the man was forced to obey her.' Well, mother? as I stopped. My boy, she is lying there, pointing to the little cottage, but, as he was hastening on, 'you need not harry; she will not know.' Mother, is she dead? turning once more to me. He saw by my face that it was so, and for a moment stopped, then hurried on again, while I followed more slowly.

At the door of the house the peasant's wife told me my son had turned them out of the room where Genevieve was lying, and shut the door, bidding her tell me I should drive home, he would follow on foot. There are moments when one needs to be alone with a great sorrow. Indeed, a great sorrow must needs be borne alone—no one, not even the nearest and dearest—can help much. There deep down in our heart, where he dead the hopes and joys which have brightened our life hitherto, there we keep our mourning chamber, and even when a sad smile passes our lips, it only tears away the film that was growing over the dead joys, and brings our sorrows once more to the light of day. The only healer is time, and time, with its soft and gentle touch, heals most wounds or makes us insensible to their pain. I will not dwell upon the bitter grief of the young people, coming to their desolate home; they loved their mother fondly and deanly; but youth recovers quickly from sorrow as from sickness, and their grief was softened before I could have fancied.

My son sent word that they should prepare a

ckness, and their grief was softened before a mid have fancied.

My sen sent word that they should prepare a ri of bier and bring it down to the cottage, and in he bright moonlight of a summer night all that mained of poor Genevieve was carried back into he castle court and laid reverently in the little hapel. Of the days that followed there is little to spel. Of the days that followed there is little to chapel. Of the days that followed there is little to be said. As we all, in our deep mourning garments and wearing still deeper mourning in our hearts, returned home from the funeral, my son called me

into his study and said: Dear mother, perhaps Genevieve is better off than we are, for my affairs are in such a state that I may say I and my family are almost beggars. The day of her death, when I was in town, I was afraid that it might be so, and to-day's pest has brought the confirmation of it. The bank in which I am largely interested has failed, and there seems no prospect of even the smallest dividend for the shareholders; the estate is encumbered, as you know, partly with other debts, and partly with your appanage. Don't interrupt me, seeing me about to speak; 'it is for us all a blessing that you are provided for, and I see no nelp but to let the estate -m the present state of affairs it would be useless to try to sell it—and then if you will give up your little house and come to live with us in the town, the education of the boys will not cost much, and I can earn something with my sen. I know I am asking you to make a great sacrifice,' he continued, his voice becoming thick and fremalons, 'but I know also that for me and my thildren you, at any rate, will think no sacrifice too great.'

'Thank you, my boy,' said I, and the thing was settled.

The Counters. Genevieve's adouted mother, now

Miss Galatea the reporter accordingly did, finding her a bright, merry, but modest and unassuming young person, who, despite the classic fillets which revealed the exquisite proportions of her figure be rayed an utterly un-ilellante familiarity with the cur veli known among the artists, she said, and four or fivof the principal pictures in the last Academy Exhibition were painted from her. "They are all very good to me. with it, and yesterday when I was posing as a lar 'Fra Angelico' face, whatever she might mean by that. I hope it is not anything very bad. Do I get tired Weil,no, you see I can change my position slightly every new and then, and about every half hour I take a few minutes' rest, but it is a wee bit tiresome after all when I come to think of it, though Mr. Pygmalion is so lively and fonny that he k eps me languing nearly all the time and I'm afraid he doesn't do half enough work. Any

now, Mrs. Pygmalion says so." Here Pygmalion gave a snort and a chuckle, and told her to run away and change her dress. Whou she had left the room he told the reporter that she was a thorougaly good and nice girl and a general favorite with most of the artists in town. "As i let her take my little girl out for a walk every now and then," he said, "you can understand the opinion I have formed of her. As you say you would like some information about models I will tell you all I know about them here in New-York I suppose I have a list of fifty odd whom I employ o have employed at one time or another. Some of them pose for the nude, some will only sit in costume. Galates for instance is one of the latter though she has a lovely figure and could earn much more money by posing nucle. She of course is a superformer of girl and gets better paid, as it is, than any other

sort of girl and gets better paid, as it is, than any other model I know. I pay her \$3 a day but to some she charges \$3 50 or \$4. The usual rates are \$2 a day for tensile models and \$2 50 for men. If paid by the nour they usually get 50 cen's. A day is from half-past 9 in the morning fill 5 or 6 in the eventing, with an hour or so off at 12 o'clock for luncheon.

"As to the cuaracters they are of all sorts. Some are prety 'tough,' and with the women especially a man, of course, has to be very careful how he acts, as they are sometimes tolerably unscriptions. But here comes Miss. Gaiatea, so when I have given her the usual 'consideration,' for we work on a strictly cash basis, I will go out a stroll with you." Miss Gaiatea tripped in, dressed in a very becoming walking costume, but where was the Helicule maiden! Gone utterly, and in her place a nice enough looking but thoroughy "commonplace and every-day young woman." So much for the power of costume!

THE ISELIN INSTITUTE.

Adrian Iselin, the banker, whose summe home is in the town of New-Rochelle, some four or five months ago purchase I the fine brick building, erected by the Westchester Fire Insurance Company, with a view of establishing a permanent place of resort for the peopl of the village. To this end the three floors of the build ing have been fitted with all the modern conveniences and perfect drainage, sewerage and ventilation bave been secured. The upper floor will be used as a free reading room and library for persons of both sexes. The main floor front room will be used as Mr. Iselin's savings bank. The basement floor will be used as a club re About 700 volumes of standard works have been put in About 700 volumes of standard works have been put in the library, and the number will be increased at an early day. The current periodicals, monthly and weekly issues, the daily and weekly and illustrated papers are also to be furnished. Mr. Iselin has adopted rules which admit of the utmost freedom consistent with the comfort of visitors. The club room will be open daily, on week days from 8:30 a. m. until 10 p. m. On Sundays from 2 to 10 p. m. but no games will be allowed on Sundays. Cards, gambling and the use of intoxicating liquors will not be allowed at any time. The Institute was opened yesterday.

A young city fellow, dressed in a faultles A young city lellow, dressed in a fadities, suit and a pair of shoes that tapered into a point in the most modern style, was visiting in a rural district. A bright little boy looked him all over until his eyes rested on those shoes. He looked at his own chubby feet and then at his visitor's, and then looking up, said: "Mister, is all your toes cutted off but one?"—[Courier-Journal. BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-

WAY LOUNGER. Charles Dudley Warner, the editor-author, whom I met during the week, says that in literature there is hardly anything for the author. He received \$100 advance morey to write the life of John Smith of Virginia who also christened New-England, and he paid it all away for obtaining information from original sources in England and here and for copying. When he received a statement from his publisher he owed the latter some dollars on the original hundred.

Being in General Sherman's office at Washington during the past week after the exercises of the Army of the Potomac were over,—it was near midnight,—General Slocum. of Brooklyn, came in, who has rented Sherman's residence for his approaching Congressional term. Said sherman in reply to a question from me: "I need not sherman in reply to a question from her trickit and fraternai to let Sheridan come in at an age corresponding to mine when I took the Generalcy, and let him have an equal term of the office." Conversation ersuing Slocum said: "For leading and inspiring an army in battle I do not suppose Sheridan has his equal army in battle 1 do not suppose
in this country—no, anot in the world. But, Sherman, I
don't believe he could have taken his maps as you did at
Atlanta when you got ready to .break loose, and plotted almost mathematically the points you meant to reach day after day and the acts you meant to do from point to point." Said I t. General Sherman: " How is it that the Western armies can raise so much more money for mon-uments, etc., than the Eastern ! I am told they have now the money nearly ready to put up an equestrial statue of Garfield as well as the one they possess of Thomas." "That's our army," said Sherman, " the Army of the Cumberland. I tell you why it is, my lad: they all act and work together, men and officers. Their army reunions are attended by the Generals. The large fish and the little fish swim together on occasions. Here is good large attendance of the Army of the Potomac, but where are their general officers: McClellan, Franklin, Hancock and the rest ! The Western army never stood on ceremony or waited to know what people would say.

ington. He said an army friend of his from New-Hamp-shire, on General Grover's staff, by the name of Lieutenant Joe Hubbard, was out on courier or other hard duty during the day the combined rebel armies struck Porter and Franklin around Mechanicsville and Gaines's Hill, in July, 1862, and was lying down asleep when Kearney came in and said Joe must get up and go out again o special duty. "Oh, no," spoke Hooker; " he is worn out. Let him sleep." Whereupon Hooker and Kearneyand my informant says he has an idea from memory Hubbard being deceased, that Sickles and possibly Heint zeiman were in the scheme—went on to arrange a plan to march into Richmond and occupy it, they being only at the time unemployed. This scheme they deliberated without any orders from McClellan to do it and indifferent to orders. Hubbard had been wakened; he lay still and heard it all.

Judge Gedney tells me that on the first of this month he signed no less than 250 warrants of dispossession against poor tenants. His district includes many blocks against poor tenants.

of the most squalid variety of tenement houses, and he has fully as much unpleasant work of this kind as any of his judicial brethren. The first of May is of course the heaviest field day of the year for such business, but there are generally at the beginning of every month at least 100 warrants granted. And to these who fret about the minor miseries of life, no more wholesome cure could be administered than an enforced attendance in a district court on such occasions. The lowest depths of misery are sounded. Judge Gedney says, too, that in the worst cases the suffering is more generally caused by misfor-tone than by idleness or dissipation. A man gets a felon on his hand, which keeps him at home until his savings are gone and all his effects in the pawn-shop, and then his children fall sick or his wife dies, and the agent of the house, under instructions from the owner, who is perhaps in Europe enjoying himself, won't wait for the humane man sitting in the seat of the judge—such as Judge Gedney—may do a great deal of good by persuading the agent to be merciful. Of course, if pressed, the judge must sign the warrant on the instant, but usually a compromise is effected and the poor fellow gets a "few days to move." The really unfortunate bear their sor-rows with a quiet fortitude that approaches the heroie. Adversity has made them patient and gentle. On the other hand, the actually "bad" tenants—those who get drunk and amony their neighbors—make the court ring with their denunciations of the landlord's oppression, and boint their eloquence, if they are women, with sobs and tears. Experience has targht Judge Gedney, he says, that those who suffer most in this world, like those who do most, are precisely those who make the least fuss

Mary Anderson says her eyes are not blue but

good gray. to Clarke County, Virginia, a few months ago, to assess the value of original household property of General Washington belonging to the Lewis family there, for grandlaughter of Mrs. Washington, married Mr. Lewis General Washington's nephew, and the people I visited were of that stock. They lived in a strange old brick T-shaped house and stored these relies in a particular room kept under lock and key and seldom opened. No doubt the real furniture of Mount Vernon was this in doubt the real thinking tob's personal expense account part. General Washingtob's personal expense account book was in the schedule, containing tis card losses. What I was especially interested in was the almost child-like reverence these people paid to Washington's name an associations. They were honest, well-bred, yet scarcely associations. They were honest, wen-bred, yet scarced worldly people. The Smithsonian Institution now con-tains the purchases. At the first suggestion of buying the afficies, which came from the Confederate Congress man, Colonel Eppa Hunton, a Tennessee Democrati member struck the small appropriation out of the bill Mr. Blaine was then talked to, and he carried the appro priation right through the Schate, and when it came to the House parsimony with its scrutinizing smaliness

About the sale of the Lewis Washington relics, Mr Thomas Dopelson, the American collector, said:
"Searcely had the Lewis family sold to the Government the carefully preserved relies of Washington-sayin that they wanted the money to educate two boys of the stock-than the children of another brother came for ward with an old note given by the sellers to the thir brother's father and seized upon the entire appropria tion. It made great indignation, but to what end there was law for it. Yet if those people had not shown plous care for the relies they could not have been kept together down to a time when this Governmen could get large enough to spend a few dallars to let us realize Washington from his surroundings.

I was talking with Mr. Donelson at Mount Vernon. Said he: "There is very little original furniture of Wash-ington left here. In the bedroom where he died, over-looking the wide fiver prospect to the South, is nothing that was there, the bed and so forth being added. But I would like to get that knocker on the back door. Come and see it !" So we went around the house to the central hall door and stooped to the n.assive brass knocker. It looked like a huge brass handle to a drinking tankard used between Quentin Mastys and Albert Durer. It was glossy with handling as St. Peter's iron toe. It seemed possessed, so wizard was its shine as it drew our noses rosily ia. Donelson lifted it and let it pound the blunt challenge it used to give when the old General lifted his eyes to his dame and said: "Madame, another Yankee after an autograph." "Sound it again!" said Donelson. "It's hand-made. It's a beauty. It's worth nore than the key of the Bastille up yonder. When the Bastille was stormed it had just five prisoners in it, and see what a clatter it made! But this knocker (pound-poind-pound!) was a beauty. It meant busiess. It kept the old man's head from wool-gathering Now see the lock on the door behind. Hand-made, as I'm a sinner! It's a foot by three-quarters, and two we why ! It was meant to be hung on the opposite jam but the stairway up there cut off the hinge-room, so they ung it reversely, and the keyhole is inverted. Now lacksmith! But the screws are modern. Faugh Give me hand-made scrows, the thread wound by the

Doctor Loring, the Commissioner of Agriculture, said Dector Loring, the Commissioner of Agriculture, as we entered the banquet hall at the north end of Mount Vernen, "To my mind this room in its proportions, position and size is the model dining-room of its times—of any times. See the delicate work about the cornice! See the Italian mantel, which they say was taken by pirate and sent to Washington again with their compliments Now look at Charles Wilson Peale's head of Washington yonder over the door toward the kitchen and tell me that the man who looked like that was dull and ordinary. He was then a Colonel of Virginia. His brow is full of manliness. He has the old colonial nose I have seen among the former generation of Massachusetts men.

His teeth were then perfect and did not disfigure and tighten his face as when he wore false teeth later in life and Stuart and Rembrandt Peale painted him. In that early picture of the elder Peale you see the bounding spirit, the ardent hunter, the patriot and young captain that time subdued to our old Washington. It is a face not seen every day nor every week."

Talking on the Mount Vernon steamer with Mr. Q. C. Robbins, now aged seventy-three, who patented for Abraham Lincoln nearly forty years ago buoys to raise Western steamboats over shoals by inflation, he said. pointing to two gentlemen who were near by: "There are two of the most prosperous men the District of Columbia has produced: Ex-Mayor Matthew G. Emery and Samuel Norment. Both are at the head of banks. Both are pillars of the Metropolitan Methodist Church. Emery came from New-England to Washington in 1839, and has been a dealer in stone. Norment went from Virginia to Arkansas and settled in Washington years before the war, and has always been a sagacious citizen. He was a firm Union man in the war, solitary so in his family. Emery is probably worth a million."

I heard George B. McClellan's speech on the great injuries inflicted upon him by Abraham Lincoln and Jehovah. McClellan was deeply in labor before he spoke. He chewed the cud of his lesson with a timid and working face like the ever imperfect boy who feels the birch overhanging him. He had been years coming to the meeting, and this year was uncertain whether to come or not, and put it off till his arrival seemed like Wiggins's storm, the more anomalous because predicted. At the very moment he entered Sherman was saying to a friend: "In little things you see the causes of failure in great things. McClellan is not here. He was indecisive—hello! Is that George B. McClellan! Yes, it

As the two men, Sherman and McClellan, sat side by side, McClellan within the larger disk of Sherman's stronger profile, I turned to General Schoffeld and said: "They look like Napoleon and Josephine on a coin." I might have said Cæsar and Cornelia. Yet the feminine member of the dumnvirate got up and made the most immodest and egotistical address I ever neard. It was like Louis Napoleon's landing at Boulogne with the stuffed eagle and beginning a proclamation: "We, otherwise our upcle, being called hereunto, assume the Government and our Christian name, and order pie to be the public diet for one year." Not a word for any other man; no reference to the sacrifices of the people, the help of God, or the bloody sweat of Lincoln waiting for that little fellow to redeem some promise and get up and strike somebody. The yells of the unthinking soldiery merely showed that no State ever grows so wise that the hurrah power will not be a quantity, especially after the wine

I asked General Schofield at the banquet in Washington what town in Illinois he spent his youth in. "Freeport," he said. "Then you may have known the Guiteau family !" "I did. They were very respectable people. The only one of feeble or queer wits was this Charley, who killed Gartield. I went to school with some of the older persons of that family. Mrs. Scoville was a very sweet, interesting woman. Scoville came there and taught school, and afterward married that girl. The brother of Charles, the assassin, was John, and he was a well-balanced man. The family was conspicuous f churches and charitable bodies.

Said I to General Schofield: "You knew General Nathaniel Lyon well?" "Yes, I was his chief-of-staff at Wilson's Creek, where he was killed," "Give me, if you will, an idea of his character." "Lyon would not have maintained, I think, the remarkable prestige he obtained when he died. He was very intense. He hated men who differed with him on political questions. He was bloodthirsty. The administrative elements of character were not well balanced in him, though his zeal was extraordinary. As to bravery, he had it in ex-cess. I do not think the campaign he made showed ability to plan campaigns. As you intimate, General Lyon came in the class of John Brown and the military zealots rather than in the line of skilful commanders.

Resuming upon General Schoffeld, I asked him about General "ranz Sigel. "Sigel had commanded an army at one time in Europe," he said; "the army of the German Republican Confederation, and had rought against disciplined troops. We conceded much to him at the be-ginning. But he did nothing whatever in Missouri to ginning. But he did nothing whatever in ansouri to justify the extravagant reputation he had gotten. The plans at Wilson's Creek, where Lyon lost his life, were his rather than Lyon's, and they were not good. I suspect that he was praised by his German friends in expectation of performances they believed him capable of and of whose fulfilment we saw nothing. After we retreated from Springfield to Rolla, Sigel commanded in Lyon's place awhile, without much real warrant, and finally Sturgts became indignant at the assumption and emanded that Sigel be subordinate to him. Sigel proojection to that,' said Sturgis, with the strength of character you might expect from such a man; 'you might get a majority, and then I might have to order some of you

General Schofield said to me that William Tecumseh Sherman had more genius than any man he ever knew and in intellectual resources to find somethin to say and something to do. He had been nearly around the world and to everything in this country, but never was at a 'oss for some new observation or speech. In etion he was the same and could find more routes to do anything by than anybody else. His mind was a workshop never suspended, and he was loaded to the muzzle with moral courage. General Schofield said of McClel. lan that it was phenomenal how he retained at all times, under all changes of opinion and all lapses of time, the affection of the Army of the Potos

The President's sister, Mrs. Hainesworth, not only uade amends for his absence from the Army of the Potomac meetings by coming alone, but she sent for the speaker and bard to come to her box and thanked them. The officers of the society hardly overlooked the Presdent's slight. Robert Lincoln, during the allusions to his father on Wednesday night, drew back in the box and was deeply moved. Opinion is settling to the view that the ablest General of the war was Abraham Lincoln.

John Chamberlain, whose wife has been playing in New-York with her old devotion, when she was Mrs. George Jordan, is rapidly getting possession of the row built in 1860 at Fifteenth and I sts., Washington, for. hotel purposes. He now has Fernando Wood's house and Thomas Swann's, and will probably get Blaine's, Buckingham's and the other. Willard's Hotel has been relet for five years to the widow and her brother-in-law

At the Army of the Potomac reunion the orator, Major McGinnis, was the Democratic delegate from Montana, now six times elected. He had been a Minnesota private soldier of Irish parents. He said: " The South n best fight for the worst cause ever made in history." He compared the Border States like Maryland, behind the capital, to the friends of Cataline in Rome, being referred to by their more Southern friends when these said: "Traitor! I go, but I return." He said it would take a greater army than put down slavery to impose it on the South again; that secession was not only an attack for our Union but on the principle of government everywhere, and he would leave to sophistical lawyers the twisting of the Constitution to make the least defence of it. He apologized for the Government at Washington removing generals who would not fight, and said that public opinion in our Government had to be respected public opinion in our Government had to be respected even in its impatience. I see few of these remarkable points in the principal speech. So when General Stocum took the stand, the Democratic Member of Congress at large from New-York, he said that Washington City was a mud heap with the great majority of its citizens rebel parasites and sympathizers in 1861, and now it was the most beautiful city in the land and the pride of the whole people; at which all the old soldiers roared their cheers. Slocum said that it had been said the negroes would never work when free, and the cotton crops [showed they were better workers and men free than slave. Tals from a man who ran as Secretary of State of, New-York in 1864 as accessory to McClellan. The views of Chase, Greeley and Lincoln are evidently high maxims in the Democratic party now. Where are the Robert McLanes, the Alexander Longs, McClellans and the Hunkers of 1864. Their Bourbons have soured on them.

Nathaniel Wilson, of Washington, D. C., one of the finest diplomatic lawyers there, has a son Charles at Harvard. He was a Government clerk from Zanesville law while in the Interior Department. His wife is a charming lady from Baltimore and has a large family of children. He has been attorney for Senator Kellegg and for Saulsbury, the chief of all mail contractors, and saved the latter from indictment. He assisted Edwards Pierrepont to try John Surratt. In the prize courts at Washington he generally gets the lion's share of awards.

Gladstone's intense conviction of being always in the right 'gave him an assured superiority over young men who did not ponder very deeply over their opinions and were not prepared to defend them against vigoreas on-slaughts. "Gladstone seems to do all the thinking for us." Frederick Rogers once said; "see only trouble is that when he starts some new idea he ex-pects you to see all its beauties as clearly as he does after studying thera."